

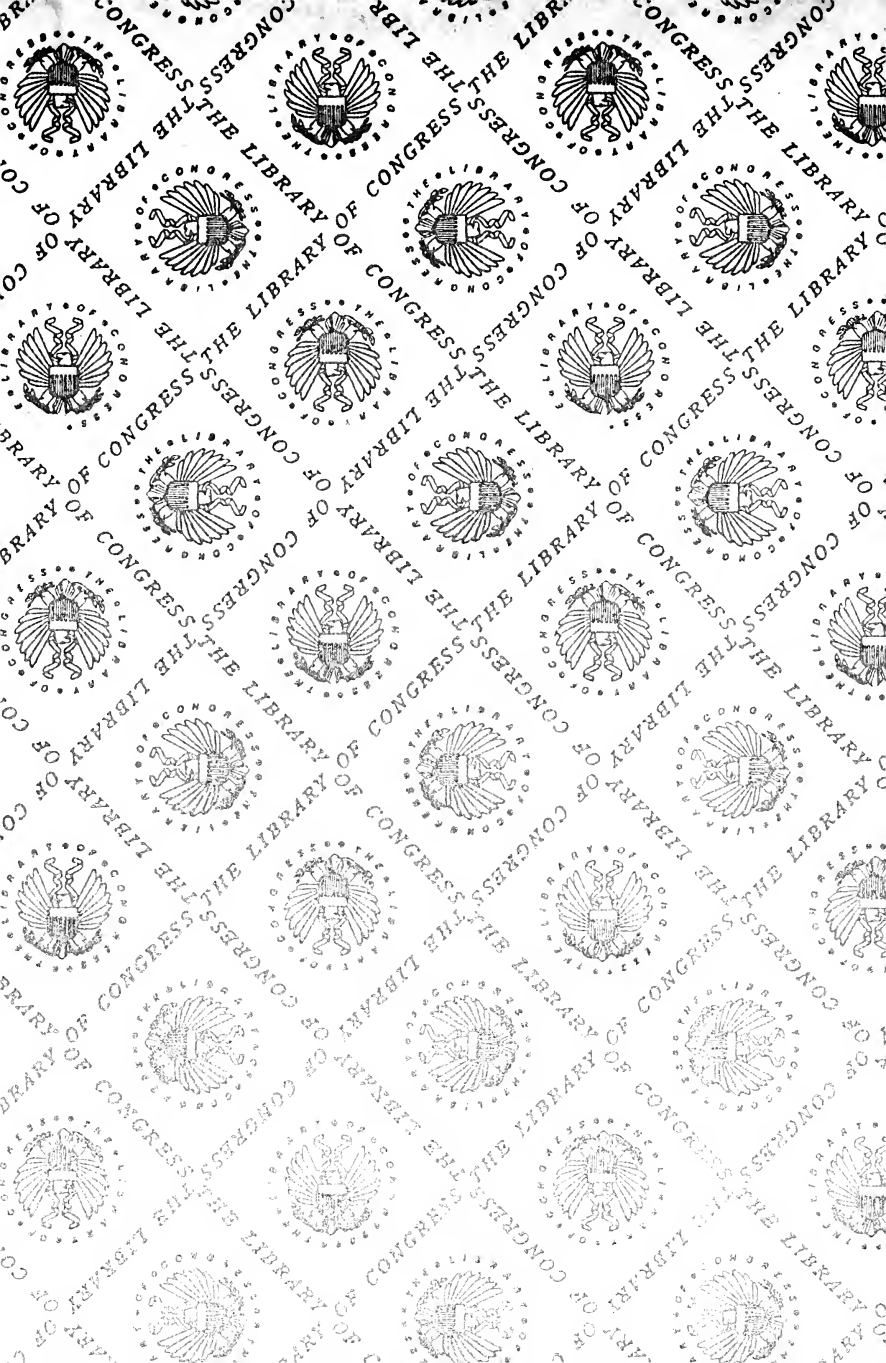
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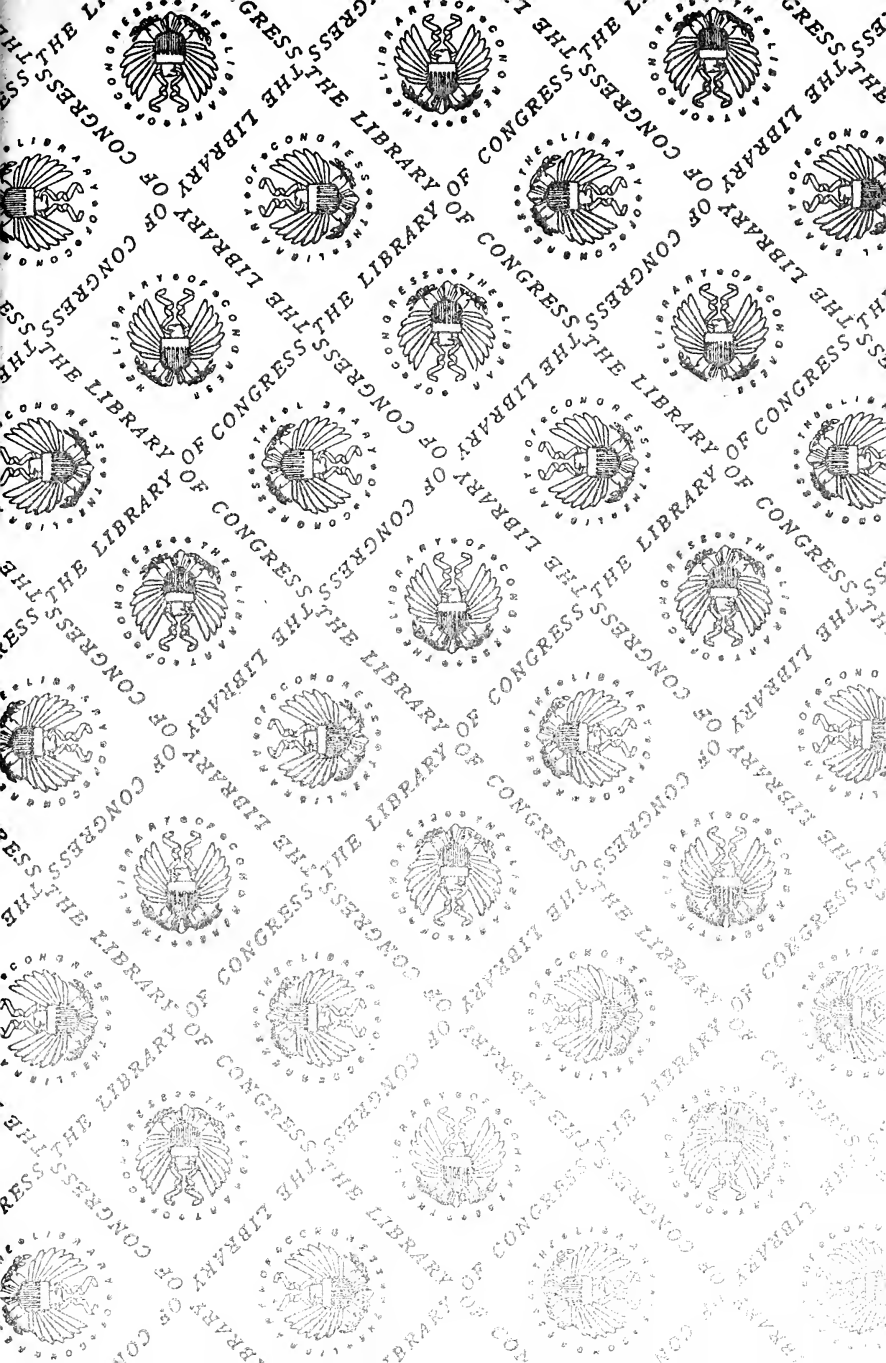
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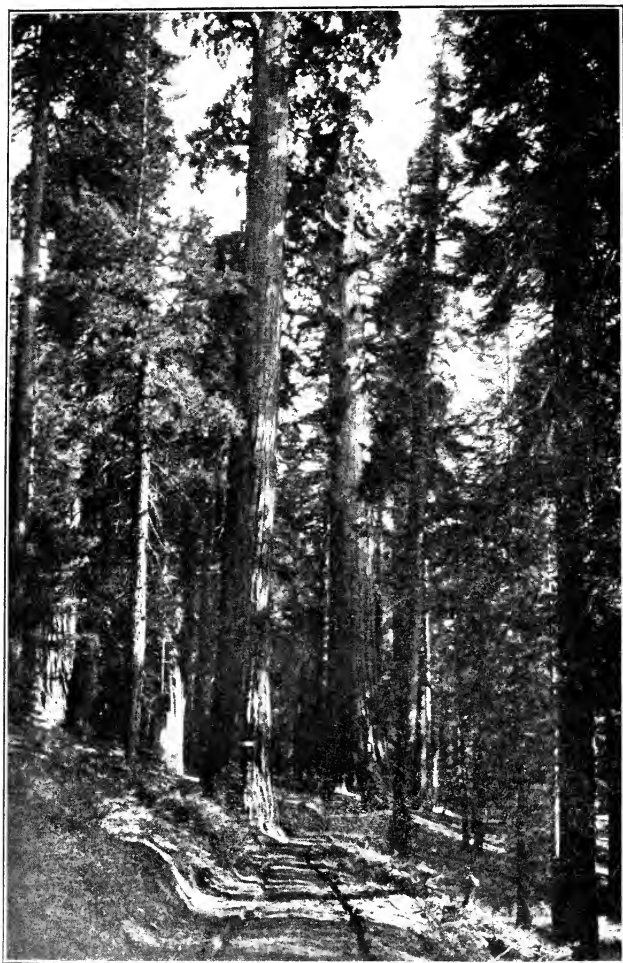


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*"Ye sentinels, that for a thousand years
Have watched this peaceful valley . . ."*

See p. 25

THE ARMY OF DAYS

AND OTHER VERSE

BY

JAMES HENRY MACLAFFERTY

Author of "My Soul's Cathedral,"
"Light Through the Valley," etc.



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

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If this be song, then would I bring
A tribute in the song I sing
To one who in the singer's life
Is every day a Friend and Wife.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE ARMY OF DAYS	1
MINISTERING ANGELS	3
MY CRAVING	4
TO A DAISY	5
CARISSIMA	6
ROSES	8
DEFEAT	9
THE BLENDED NAME	10
SUNSET ON REDONDO BEACH	11
FRIEND	12
FORGIVING	15
THE OAKLAND HILLS	16
THE FLY-CASTER'S ELYSIUM	17
LOVE OF NATURE	18
IN THE STILL NIGHT WATCHES	19
COLUMBIA RIVER	20
A DAY WITH THEE	21
RECOMPENSE	22
OUR WORDS ARE WINGS	23
JUDGE NOT	24
THE SEQUOIAS	25
HOPE	28
THE HOUR DIVINE	29
THE STAR OF HOPE	31
THE POET'S MISSION	32
BUILDING HOPE	33

	PAGE
ALCATRAZ, THE ISLAND PRISON	34
JESUS THE CHRIST	35
THE OLD ENGLISH LAVENDER MAN	36
CALIFORNIA, BRIDE OF THE SUN	37
AGE	38
THE GREATEST	39
MY SONG OF THEE	41
HOME	42
PUGET SOUND	43
FREEDOM	44
MOUNTAINS	45
SUNSET IN IDAHO	46
GREAT SALT LAKE	47
HOPE	48
LIFE	49
THE DESERT	50
I KNOW NOT	54
SOLACE	55
ARISEN	56
THE WILL	57
THE CITY LOVED AROUND THE WORLD	58
THE CALL OF THE BELL	59
THE SHASTA DAISY	66
THE SONNET	67
PURIFICATION	68
I'LL SMILE MY GRIEF AWAY	69
ONE DEAR DAY	70
INFINITY	71
GOD IS LOVE	73
YEARS	75

	PAGE
THE FLOWER IN THE WOOD	76
AT MIDNIGHT	77
TO A PORTRAIT	78
HAST THOU GONE FROM ME?	79
ETERNAL LIFE	80
TEMPTATION	81
A VALENTINE	82
WINGS OF GRIEF	83
MY FRIEND	84

THE ARMY OF DAYS

They come with a measured, martial tread
Through a deep defile in the barrier hills;
With a kindly face or a mien I dread—
No rift in their ranks the rhythm stills—
And these are the days confronting me
This side the Hills of Eternity.

They swing and fling with never a halt
Or a shortened step or a broken line.
They march and march with never a fault
Though the storm may howl or the sun may
shine.
And I must meet them one by one
And conquer each ere the setting sun.

'Gainst some, with courage as strong as steel,
I throw my strength to win the fight;
From others shrink and backward reel,
My courage weakened ere falls the night;
With a deeper pain, with a grief more real
If I lose from the lack of a high ideal.

And on and on they sweep along,
Each day unmatched in all it bears;
An army of days that thousands strong
Must test the armor my spirit wears.
For filled with struggle are some of these
While others tempt to seductive ease.

Steadfast I'll stand with the knowledge shod
That the man who wins against baser things,
In his soul, is a man more like his God
Than he who at ease to the tide's turn
 swings.
Ah, thanks to Thee as I strive the while,
That the days of life march single file!

MINISTERING ANGELS

Ye thoughts of mine that are not of earth
And hopes possessing me born above,
That temper passions of evil birth
And hide my hatreds in lasting love;
Softly swing on thy silken strings
That seem secured in empyrean blue—
The realm the skylark seeks as he sings
Ere yet the sun signals home the dew.

'Tis ye my Ministering Angels are
In silent night or in stress of day;
Unerring guide as the Northern Star,
Un-numbered as is the Astral Way.
O'erspreading me like the arch of Heaven,
In heat of conflict affording rest;
In every good thou dost place a leaven
And soothe as once did my mother's breast.

MY CRAVING

It may not be for me to glorify
And hallow in the hearts of those to come
The fair spots of this goodly earth, as some
Have done; or nature's charms to magnify
By painting pleasant pictures out of words.

Though be it far from me to idly say
It would not be a rare, delightful thing
If God did honor me, that I might sing
Of these, for those along the future way—
With song as liquid sweet as any bird's.

I yearn for power like this. Not out of pride,
But that of nature's lessons I might teach,
How God through nature everywhere doth
reach
The human heart and good from ill divide,
By song inspired in the hearts of men.

But more than this I crave from Thee, O God!
I ask the power to soothe the human heart!
To know its innermost—its secret part—
To ease the soul, to rest it when the rod
That heated white sears often and again.

TO A DAISY

Darling of the poet's breast;
Jewel set in nature's crest;
Saucy in the summer shower,
Half a gem and half a flower.
Frightened when my bungling foot
Stumbles near thy magic root.

Here I find thee quite alone.
Hast thou error to atone?
Bowing meekly to the sun,
What small evil hast thou done?

Time will come that nodding head
Bows upon its mother bed.
Time will come when thou, as I,
Must find time withal to die.
Ere the day when this needs be,
Daisy, Sweetest, teach thou me.

CARISSIMA

What is it that over me stealing
Like sweet, dreamy music at night,
Sends rest to my soul and a sealing
From scenes that have troubled my sight;
That lends for my load an endurance,
That opens my eyes so they see
Through the lowering clouds, sweet assurance?
'T is because I am clinging to thee.

Why is it that when in my thinking
The vision possesses me quite
Of the font drying up where I'm drinking,
The noonday becomes as the night?
Not the night when the stars are above me,
But night when their radiance is gone,
And the fear that you no longer love me
Makes me doubt there can ever be dawn.

O'er the sands of the desert I've stumbled,
With a glaze in my eyes, and athirst;
Seen the hopes of the years as they crumbled,
While I gazed on mirage that accurst
Seemed a cool, shady spot in the distance—
Oh, I longed for the shade of a tree—
It was then that I called for assistance
And the succor I found was in Thee.

As a buoy to one that is sinking,
As a life-line thrown into the sea,
As to lips that are parched is the drinking
Of water, so art Thou to me.
Thou art surcease from all of my sorrow,
A resting from all of my pain,
My hope for the coming to-morrow
When we shall no longer be twain.

ROSES

Was ever a year like this for roses?

Did ever the birds seem half as gay?

And is there a spot where nature poses

As glorious in her wanton way?

Why a poet's heart must break into singing

From sheer delight at the lavish spread;

While his fancy starts to rhythm a-swinging

And songs are strung on a golden thread.

DEFEAT

I've fought the fight against my foe and lost.

A foe not human but of circumstance.

For weeks contested stubbornly advance

He made, nor counted as too great a cost

To give my life to stay his hand. But, crossed

In all my purposes, his sharpened lance

Has pierced my armor and in dev'lish dance

He has his heel-marks on my shield embossed.

But though I've suffered physical defeat

'T is not defeat the craven coward knows.

And though my heart and body may be sore

Yet I have still the fortitude to meet

Whatever storm across my pathway blows—

To win against this foe and many more.

THE BLENDED NAME

“ He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.”

When the often self-sought battle rages;
When I vainly wield a faulty sword;
Jesus, miracle of all the ages,
Through the ages still to be adored,
Beholding thee in raptured contemplation
Silences the clamor of my life,
And in these moments rare of divination
Farther, fainter, vanishes the strife.

And then a light suffusing all my being,
A wondrous light that blinds my mortal
sight,
Reveals the will of God in thee decreeing
The reconciling evil with the right.
I stand uncovered, filled with awe before Him;
I bare my soul to Him, The God That Is,
And then, as I with all my soul adore Him,
Unconsciously I blend thy name in His.

SUNSET ON REDONDO BEACH

Was heaven's clouded canopy ere yet
 Bedecked with half the glory sight can reach,
 As here I stand upon Redondo Beach
And watch thee as thou fadest, thou sunset
Of June's last day? O, that I might but get
 From Him who made thee, power to tell how
 each

 Of yonder liquid amber clouds doth teach
My soul to worship and to ne'er forget.

I gaze enraptured—All surpassing sight!
 The dome of heaven is deep, volcanic red—
And now the Sun is gone and for the night
 Beneath Pacific's sombre floor his bed
Has sought. See! Slowly pales the red to
 rose,
And timid out the east the first star shows.

FRIEND

TO L. F. C.

I call thee Friend because the word is large,
Perhaps, beyond all words that may denote
The ties men have assumed among themselves.
A greater word is Friend than husband, wife,
Than father, mother, brother, sister, son
Or daughter, even as the base laid deep
Beneath the surface and whereon is held
A towering pile must needs be sterner stuff
And more enduring than the ornament
That gilds the pinnacle to charm the eye.
For with the base secure the dome is held
O'er all, and in return protects it from
The ravage of the elements. And so
With flawless foot the mass remains as one
United whole to please the sight, as well
As serve its own intended use.

And thus

Neath all relationship there must abide
The quality of friendship, else the tie
Sustained can be but in the name alone.
Had Cain been friend to Abel then his hands
Had not been crimsoned in his brother's blood.
For bond of brotherhood spared not the life
The bond of friendship would have saved. A
man

Will spare his friend although he take the life
Bestowed upon another by the one
Who gave himself his being.

More than this.

If friendship, true comraderie, cement
The tie assumed in wedlock, nought but death
Dissolves the union, if at all. For some
Who bear this bond believe and have within
Their souls the witness that it goes beyond
The ending of their earthly days and joins
Them closer in the Heavens.

The Master when
He taught of love took on His lips the word,
"For greater love hath no one," so He spake,
"That a man will give his life to spare a
Friend."

And so is not the tie that must exist
To make all other earthly ties endure
Of deep significance? Nor should the word
Be lightly spoken or the bond assumed
Unthinkingly, for with it must there be
The burden of responsibility.

And yet, remembering this, I call thee
"Friend."

To walk with thee is deepest joy to me.
I love the things that thou hast loved and
share
With thee the spiritual pleasures few have
known.

In thy companionship have they become
To me like physical reality.

In that rejoicing thee is my delight,
And, greater proof of friendship, in the pain
Thou sufferest lives my deepest sorrow. So
Like Ruth, I say as truly unto thee,
“Entreat me not to leave thee, nor return
From following after thee.”

FORGIVING

To still the throb of an aching hurt
 Forgive the one who made it.
For a garden may be but useless dirt
 Till the hand of a man shall spade it.

The deeper the furrow the richer the yield
 Of the golden-headed grain.
But the harvest is not till the furrow is healed
 Nor the blessing till after the pain.

THE OAKLAND HILLS

O the Oakland Hills that back the town
With cañons deep that up and down
Are filled with tempting, shady nooks
That lure the body as tempting books
May lure the mind; and on whose breast
The whole of a man may find his rest.

From Berkeley's oaks to nestling Niles
A score of Mediterranean miles
Do call and call, enchant and hold
The miser who loves a poppy's gold.
For this is wealth no man can spend
And this is gold no man can lend.

THE FLY-CASTER'S ELYSIUM

Where the tipsy, tattling Truckee
Tumbles downward to Nevada,
Where the dreams of being lucky
Like the sails of an Armada
Drift across the heavens filled with boundless
blue:

Where the foxy, far fly-caster
Loses thought of church and pastor—
There's Elysium for such as I and you.

Just a mile of flashing river,
A sublime, unending poem;
Every inch a blissful shiver—
Just like heaven when you know 'em—
And with every inch a pipe-dream comes to me.
So away I drift from troubles
As the Truckee floats its bubbles
To the desert, playing hookey from the sea.

O the mad-cap merry Truckee!
O you two-pound speckled beauty!
How I love you when you're plucky!—
With my fly I cast off duty.
O the Ananias Club at close of day,
Where each weary, angling liar,
Spreads his legs before the fire,
Reeling yarns about the ones that got away.

LOVE OF NATURE

Of all the loves that time has ever known,
Of all the loves that time will ever bring,
What purer or what more exalted thing
Than in the love of nature may be shown?
A passion out of which the sting has flown,
That makes the heart continually to sing!
Its memory can never come to ring
Again in hollow souls, to changes prone.

Handmaid of God!—Like God Himself—that
all
May love devotedly with passion deep,
What nobler altar can I find for thee
Than here among the Cascade Mountains, tall
And towering, where great Columbia's sweep
Ten thousand years has been and yet will be?

IN THE STILL NIGHT WATCHES

In the still night watches
While mine eyelids sleep,
Jesus, Blessed Savior,
Still thy vigil keep.

Thou hadst thy Gethsemane
While the others slept,
Thy soul suffered anguish,
Thine eyes, too, have wept.

Deepest human sorrow
Knew its day with thee;
Now this desolation
Hath o'erwhelméd me.

By thy grief and passion
Thou the crucified
Hast provided comfort,
Hast my need supplied.

Smooth my fevered pillow,
Calm my fears unrest,
Touch my troubled forehead,
Jesus give me rest.

COLUMBIA RIVER

Columbia, mighty pulse in empire's vein,
Who, throbbing through a thousand centuries night

Dost roll serene, majestic in thy might
Before my vision; To the solemn strain
Of thy deep rhythm doth my heart attain
A depth of reverence and a clearer sight.

I've known thee near thy source where thou
art slight,

I've seen where thou dost nourish fertile plain;
Where through deep mountain chasms thou
hast worn

Thy still, persistent, unrelenting way,
And made my home where thou dost offer all
To swell and sweeten broad Pacific, shorn
In part of savor yielding to thy sway
Then binding thee forever in his thrall.

A DAY WITH THEE

The fondest dream a day ago

This dying day has made to be,
And peace is in my heart, although

An ache is there that saddens me.
For that I dreamed could live one day
And now its life has passed away.

But there is left within my heart

And o'er my life an influence sweet,
That always, ever will be part

In every problem I may meet;
And purer, stronger, will I be
Because of this day lived with thee.

RECOMPENSE

Two souls apart may journey on life's road,
Be tossed about on life's tempestuous sea
And sore beset of all the ills that be
May call aloud for succor from the load.
Yet into many years God hath not showed
Each to its mate. And then, as if decree
Of heaven had willed each hears the other's
plea
And each finds in the other its abode.

Ah, blissful recompense for all the years
In those first hours when these two souls have
met!
Ah, wealth of treasure that doth sure atone
In rubies, diamonds, pearls, for all the tears
That each hath shed in all the past—and yet
Ah, greater wealth, to never be alone.

OUR WORDS ARE WINGS

Our words are wings that waft away
But part of what the soul could say,
And carry to the listening ear
Imperfectly the soul's good cheer!
So one who with a soul would speak
The language of the soul should seek.

For daily barter—marts of trade—
The words we use were really made!
But when we rise to higher things
And words we use, their crippled wings
Can scarce transmit the soul's desire
Or bear the heat of heavenly fire.

JUDGE NOT

What do I know of the man I may meet?
What of my life knows the man on the street?
Yet on his acts in stern judgment I sit,
He, in his turn sits in judgment on me.
Both of us blindly ignore holy writ;
Purblind am I and as wilful is he.

Weak is the folly that makes me forget
Failings that be in my conduct, and yet
Whispering secretly, hid from his sight,
Blacken his name in the mind of a friend.
Robbing a man, like a thief in the night,
Stealing a treasure I never can spend.

THE SEQUOIAS

TO THE SEQUOIA CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO

Ye Sentinels that for a thousand years
Have watched this peaceful valley, once again
I find a happy quiet 'neath your shade.
I hide among you, far removed from strife
Where men are seeking higher yet to rise
On ladders built of fallen hopes of men;
To plant their fortresses, impregnable,
Upon foundations laid by other hands;
And yet, can only flourish there until
Some victor, stronger than themselves, shall
 cast
Them down.

And here, old friends, give me to learn
The secret of the power that made you great.
The patient willingness you have to grow
So slow, so sure. That makes you envy not
The upstart vine that shoots to greater height
Along your towering forms in one short year
Than you have risen through decades of years.

And give me, too, the kindliness that you
Have shown in lending aid to weaker things.
For I have coveted your silent strength;
The power, rooted deep in gentleness,
That makes you willingly, alike the home
Of singing birds, or sternly to defy
The beating storm.

And teach me how I may
Transform life's discords into harmony,
As passing through your arms, the howling
gale
Hath blended into soothing melody.
I, too, would know the magic and translate
To music all the discord of my life.

Like you, deep-rooted in the earth, may I,
Well-grounded in enduring faith and hope,
Grow far above the turmoil and the strife
And breathe a purer atmosphere, as you,
Who, lifting fronded tops above this vale
See not alone your own environment
But all the broad expanse of Heaven as well.

Departing now, though longing yet to stay,
I go to meet again the things that test
The truth of all that I have learned this day.
And in the trial I shall not forget
The peace that here abideth, and perchance
Again, awearied by the conflict, may
Invoke the solace found within your shade.
Unless, ah yes, unless before that day
I pass beyond the need of that you teach.
Or, too, unless some pigmy shall have laid
A sharpened blade against your furrowed
sides;

Unless devouring flames shall desecrate
You, Temple of the Living God, or some
Wild torrent sweeping down this quiet vale
Shall cut the ground from under you, as do
The baser passions surging through the lives
Of men, so often lay them low.

HOPE

For this shall compensate in full all bitterness
to me,
That the ills I may have suffered shall enable
me to see
The joy, the cheer there is in life since bitter-
ness is gone;
That the womb of blackest midnight holds the
glory of the dawn.

THE HOUR DIVINE

I love the dawning of these perfect days
When come the first pale tints that open
wide

The womb of light, and glow the while the rays
Of splendor search the hidden nooks that
hide

The last of lingering night. I cherish, too,
The drowsy mid-forenoon when nature
seems

Asleep; when drunken honey-bees are through
The morning's first debauch, and in their
dreams.

I love the glory of the mid-day hour
When shadows least abound, and when the
source

Of life and light in his stupendous power

Has reached the zenith of his daily course;

When man, infinitesimal, attests

His insignificance, and ceases toil.

When in some cooling, friendly shade he rests,
And prostrate draws his strength from
brother soil.

And yet, while loving all of these, I know
The sanctuary of a perfect day

Is when the setting sun, descending slow,
Has followed far adown his golden way

And hid his face beneath the western sea.

For this unlocks the secret inner shrine
Where Thou art waiting, O Dear Heart, for
me.

Ah, this of all the hours, the Hour Divine.

THE STAR OF HOPE

I cannot know what destiny has stored
 Within her sealed and secret vault for me;
I yet must scale the towering crags, and ford
 The swollen torrents ere is found the key.

I cannot know to-day the reason why
 Seems lost the battle fought through many
 a year;
But choosing brightest star in yonder sky
 To guide me on, I still shall persevere.

The potion I may quaff that seems to be
 The draining to its dregs a bitter cup,
Compels me, even in that act, to see
 The Star of Hope. . . . To drink I
 must look up.

THE POET'S MISSION

Exult, O Poet! And have no dread
That thy spirit-body shall leave the earth.
Though thoughtless tongues shall have called
thee dead,
For thou shalt awake in a second birth.

For God hath placed it within thy power
To strike the chords on prophetic lyre;
To sing the songs that in some far hour
May nerve a soul to again aspire.

To thee is given a vision past
The mocking furrow we call the grave;
Reflecting out of the future's vast
Unknown the hope that the weary crave;

To warn the soul that afar hath strayed,
Yea more, to speak in a nation's ear.
To stand when opposite thee arrayed
Is a mighty host, and to know no fear.

To love a friend and to wrong no foe;
To smite in mercy, in mercy just;
To stand in front of the foremost row
And to stand steadfast as a leader must.

BUILDING HOPE

There is no base whereon to build
The hope for future days,
Save memory by the past instilled
In all its devious ways.

And even though the past has held
So little of the true,
Yet on its memories we weld
Our hope, and start anew.

ALCATRAZ, THE ISLAND PRISON

Set midway 'twixt the land and land
What spot a gloomier aspect has
Than the sombre walls of Alcatraz?
Her rock-hewn sides like barriers stand
To cleave the surge of Pacific's roll,
While the man held there at the law's com-
mand
Feels the sob of the tide within his soul.

JESUS THE CHRIST

We sing of the fame of the prophets and sages,
The heroes of war and the heroes of peace;
Of men who have lived and have wrought
through the ages—

The ages to come shall their lustre decrease.
But one name shall live with the centuries
passing,

While fame of the others is fading away.
Its glory increasing, its splendor surpassing
The fame of the mighty—They live but a
day.

The King of all Kings, little Bethlehem's
Jesus;

The Chief of Ten Thousand, foretold from
afar;

The Lion of Judah whose gentleness frees us,
Nor faileth but lures like the light of a star.

'T is He untold millions have loved with devo-
tion;

'T is He they will cherish while time shall en-
dure.

The knowledge of Him, as the deeps hold the
ocean,

Shall cover the earth and shall hold it
secure.

THE OLD ENGLISH LAVENDER MAN

English Lavender! Ten cents a pack!
Just buy one—surely you can!
You won't want your money back
From the Old English Lavender Man!

He stands through each day near the wall
Of a building that pierces the skies;
As I pass I can hear his clear call
As he stares with his poor sightless eyes.

I wonder if deep in his soul
Are visions of hopes and of fears;
And if his lost sight were made whole
Would he love what he now only hears?

I wonder if Christ passed this way
And pressed the moist clay to those eyes,
Would he cease to remember some day
Or forget petty cares that arise?

Here's the money! I'll willingly pay!
But the lavender I shall not need.
The lesson you've taught me to-day
Is so plain I may run as I read.

CALIFORNIA, BRIDE OF THE SUN

Tawny the breasts of thy billowing hill-sides;
Russet the reach of thy bounteous plains,
Purple the fringe of the sky that enwraps thee
Waiting the miracle wrought by the rains.

Then shall the potency borne in thy bosom,
Under the fold of thy sombre-hued dress,
Burst into beauty to gloriously gown thee,
Bride of The Sun for the bridegroom's
caress.

AGE

Thou art the recompense of fretful years ;
The compensation for the burdens borne
Through striving days. The lens through
which we gaze

Past heights undreamed through all our pur-
blind youth.

The anaesthetic deadening memory
To vain imaginings of earlier years.
Attaining thee with all thy attributes
The soul may reach the silvered peaks of peace
And purity, where all discordant sound
From lower levels hath become a blend
Of perfect harmony. Thy joys are those
Of true reality ; though fewer yet
More perfect than the joys of eager youth.

THE GREATEST

When this age passes into the ages
And thy splendor, dear land of my love,
Hath vanished as mist from the ocean
Dissolves in the boundless above;
When the full of the greatness we cherish
Hath rounded resplendent, complete,
Shall the grandeur of thee be forgotten,
Or thy memory with fame be replete?

'Twill not be the prosaic record
Of marvelous miracles wrought;
'Twill not be the history of battles
Thy death-daring heroes have fought,
Nor story of cunning invention
That dwells like a charm over thee
For the millions that live in the future
And the millions beyond them to be.

Ah, nobler than all of thy warriors,
Beloved o'er the best of thy sons
And famed above those that are mighty
Of all thou hast borne are the ones
To be heard through the march of the ages
As voices that float from the past,
To pen on unperishing pages
That fame of thy glory may last.

Dear Land, lest thy name be forgotten
There one day must spring from thy side
Some clear-voiced, some sweet-singing Homer
In whom to the full shall abide
The reflection of all of thy glory,
The music of all of thy birds,
And whose song shall so perfectly blend them
Thy memory shall live in his words.

MY SONG OF THEE

No Heathen Nine shall aid my rhyme,
No oaten pipes shall guide my singing;
No dancing feet shall mark the time
Or tune the tribute I am bringing
Daily, hourly unto thee.

It needs must be majestic measure
Drawn from source of endless treasure
If 't would half way voice the pleasure
Thou hast given to life for me.

For down Life's River I was swept,
Nor could I turn against its power.
Anon upon its brink had wept
My saddened soul through many an hour
Because denied one vital need.

And so I knew not where to turn me,
Feared I friend as foe would spurn me,
Doubted I did God discern me
Or to my despairing heed.

'T was when my hope had all but gone,
My faith become the faintest glimmer;
When seemed had come the last pale dawn—
Yea, hope was faint and faith was dimmer—
Then it was a hand touched mine.

. . . Saved was I! And so the praises
Sung of thee must be in phrases
Only holiest Angel raises,
For I found my hand in thine.

HOME

It's Home though it has but four brown
 walls,
A window that looks in a quaint back yard,
 A table, some books, and a couch that calls,
That dissolves my care when the days are
 hard.
A window that stares at a wall close by.
When I hide me there I am not aloof,
For over head, through a pane in the roof
 I can see a million miles of sky.

PUGET SOUND

O the burnished bays and the winding ways
That as one make Puget Sound!
O the opal seas with their guardian trees—
There the soul delights abound!
I may sail and sail to the uttermost sea
I may scale to the sheerest height,
But no depth nor height can contain for me
Such a transcendental sight.

For thy morn's a song and the whole day long
Has the note of a clear refrain,
While the Silver-side on the buoyant tide
Has returned to his home again.
And thy stars grow pale near the peak of
night
While the matins of countless birds
Chant the death of gloom in the birth of light
With a medley surpassing words.

In thy emerald deeps are the pictured steeps
Of Olympic's jagged crest
And the soft facades of the blue Cascades
Float a-slumbering o'er thy breast
With their tops made white, like an altar cloth,
By the drifted and chastened snow,
And as free from stain as the plighted troth
That the purest of maidens know.

FREEDOM

Done am I now with all cant and all sham-
ming;

Free evermore from the *worship* of creed.
Riven in twain is the barrier spanning
The sigh of my soul and the help I may
need.

Banished the fear of my ignorance born
And aglow is the night with the glint of the
morn.

Days have slipped past me that once were to-
morrow's,

Yesterdays all, be they joyful or sad.
Dead is the past and the haunt of its sorrows,
Sing, O my Soul in thy trust and be glad.
The bitterest test thy novitiate ended,
The mystery of peace with thy future is
blended.

MOUNTAINS

The man who has gazed at a mountain
And felt no response in his soul
Had never a drink at the fountain
That mortals may taste and be whole.

It is that which is silent remaineth,
For a sound's but a sigh then 't is gone;
And in mountains methinks God explaineth
The riddles that vex us anon.

Give me but a glimpse, then withdraw it,
Yea, deny me forever my sight;
For the signal that came when I saw it
To the depth of my soul flashed a light.

SUNSET IN IDAHO

I saw the day-sun seek his rest to-night
 'Neath mountain peaks in southern Idaho,
 And turn to purple with his dying glow
Their covering mantle that so deep, so white,
Reflected back his glory to the sight.

 The massive tiers of cloud-banks like the
 snow
 Were glorified, and every shade I know
Bedecked them as adorned for this great rite.

O, ultimation of a perfect day,
 Though death-song of a dying day thou art,
How infinitely better in this way
 That day should end, since daylight must
 depart!

And, O, that my life's day could ever be
And end as full, as glorious as with thee!

GREAT SALT LAKE

Great Inland, Salty Sea a mile in air

Earth has no other jewel such as thou!

And gazing round me from thy center now
At day's expiring hour a sight so fair

Is spread before me, there can none compare

Unto it. Held aloft by mountain's brow

Thy glassy surface, ne'er disturbed by prow
Of craft of trade, into the sky doth stare

Reflecting back, as might a mirror's face,

The storm-scarred mountains planted on thy
shore

All painted wondrously by hand divine

In every color known to human race.

Thou hast not nor canst have forevermore

An outlet save to mount the hot sunshine.

HOPE

Hope never lives in the valleys
Nor despair at the crest of a peak.
Paupers do not live in chalets
Nor strength find a home in the weak.

But Hope may go into the valleys
And rescue the prey of despair.
Paupers, that were, may own chalets—
With Hope even weaklings may dare.

LIFE

O Life, thou greatest mystery of time,
Less understood than is Eternity;
Thou mystery of mysteries sublime,
I know why light or darkness more than
thee.
Thy quickening came within my mother's
womb,
Thine ending shall not find me in the tomb.

THE DESERT

In places man has called the Solitudes
There God abideth most. And in the place
Where men do most abide too often God
Seems least to be. He knew because his path
Had led through busy marts, through jostling
crowds

As well as through the forests where the leaves
Were whispering secrets of the universe.

His soul had lost itself in reverie
Beneath the forest kings in whose rough sides
Were etched the history of a thousand years.
Nor was his spirit stranger to the thoughts
That flood the soul three hundred leagues from
spot

Where man may set his foot upon the land.
There had he gazed about him and beheld
The throbbing of a million white-plumed
breasts,

Had known the power beneath each one and
felt

It surging in his own. " 'T is here," he said,
"Where God has placed his throne upon the
earth.

He rides the deep, and those who come not
here

Deceive themselves to say they have communed
with Him.

And so through sea and forest grew his soul
In closer union with The Infinite.
His lot was cast where but a line did part
The virgin forest from earth's mightiest sea,
And loving both he felt that naught of earth
Could share with them his love.

'T was then the hand
Of duty beckoned him and for a space,
His steps turned toward the east, he left the sea
And wood and for the first time found the
place

So magical, so silent and so vast
'T were fitted well for God's retreat where He
Might come alone to meditate; to plan
New worlds, to fashion all minute detail
Pertaining to them and perchance again
Debate creation of that species which
Of all His works has sought to thwart His will.
This place men call the Desert and at first
Turn back afraid. And so, he, too, as blind
To mystery returned to sea and wood
Content.

But soon there crept into his soul
A something vague. At first he knew not
what
It meant. The whispering of the trees, the
weird
Complaining of the sea had ceased to sate

His longings and half aimlessly, half led,
He scaled the high Sierras where he saw
The Desert and he knew from whence had
 come,
Unheard except within his inner soul,
The voice that fed continually his unrest
And heeding naught beside he pressed him on
Toward the Mystic East.

And there, was placed
Within his hands a key that he might loose
The latch that bars a man from his best self;
That places in his grasp not only square
And rule wherewith to measure earthly things
But instruments geometricians use
When leaving earth to compass heavenly
 spheres.

'T was on the Desert first he knew himself,
Took heed of potency of silent power
And learned that greatest wisdom need not be
Articulated from the lips nor flow
From facile pen. The Desert, nude of all
Affording comfort; scorched and seared anon
By burning shafts yet saturated with
A presence he had never felt in height
Or depth. Where every color eye hath known
United into perfect harmony
Has exquisitely painted cliffs of all
Fantastic shapes of frowning battlements,

Of castles turreted against the sky
And from whose tops one sees, his eye deceived,
Mirage of shady forests, running streams,
Of crystal-breasted lakes beside whose shores
Are nested sleeping villages; and yet
May be reflected from the real as are
The highest aspirations and ideals
That tantalize the soul and float before
It's eye a shimmering goal.

And here like One
Who went alone into the wilderness
He found ere he returned with lagging step
The peace that silence whispers in the soul
To feed the fagging sinews of resistance.

I KNOW NOT

I know not where nor how,
I know not why nor when,
I only know when life is done
That I shall live again.
And though I cannot see,
In faith I can believe
That I'll partake of holier joys
Than any I shall leave.

And so I'm walking, Lord,
A prayer in every breath,
The path that leads up mountains steep
Or through the vale of death.
At times o'er desert waste,
With weary, burning feet.
At others, thanks to Thee, dear Lord,
By waters still and sweet.

SOLACE

Has thy sun gone down?

Does the darkness frown?

Is it night in the hours of day?

Is the light obscured?

Does the pain endured

Make thee stumble in thy way?

There's a soothing thought

With a solace fraught

That may heal the deepest scars.

For the sun must set

Ere our eyes may get

The light of more distant stars.

ARISEN

Arisen! Arisen triumphant o'er fate;
Thy splendor renewed at the sea's Golden
Gate.

Hail, brave San Francisco, thou bravest and
best,

March on to thy glory in front of the west!

We wept at thy sorrow

And ever we pray

God guide thy to-morrow

God bless thee to-day!

And praying we pledge thee united to be
To keep thee the Queen of the earth's greatest
sea.

THE WILL

The trying burden daily borne
Is but the task that makes thee strong;
But bear it not from night till morn
And thou canst bear it all day long.

There are those who in error hold
That God intended some to fall
Beneath the load—in bondage sold—
With none to heed a helpless call.

If this be true 't would but defame
The righteousness and love of God,
And in The Great Creator's name
Chastise us with a heavy rod.

But God hath placed within thy soul
A healing for its every ill.
If thou shalt choose 't will make thee whole,
'T is part of Him—it is thy will!

Bestowing this within thy hand
He delegated unto thee
A power like His to thus command
In molding thine own destiny.

THE CITY LOVED AROUND THE
WORLD

The Pride of the West!

The Gem of the Sea!

The City that Is!

The City to Be!

Where the ship "Content" her sail has furled;

The City Loved Around the World!

San Francisco!

THE CALL OF THE BELL

Alone in a quiet, old country town
At evening in earliest spring,
While sitting in front of the quaint little inn
Came the sound of a church-bell's ring.
'T is Wednesday I mused as the clear tones
 pealed
Throughout the long tree-clad street,
And—harking me back in memory's ken—
The night that God's people meet.

As danced in and out through the arching trees
The silvery song of the bell,
The scenes quickly pressed one by one into
 mind
That held me secure in their spell;
How each Wednesday night through my life
 as a lad
I was taught to take up my way
To the door of a drab-colored meeting house
Where sinners had met to pray.

So, spanning with thought the abyss between
My life as now and then,
When I went to the little, drab meeting-house,
I said, I will go again!
And rising, I started with willing feet
To the rhythmic ring of the bell,
Nor halted until I had found a seat
Mid scenes I had known so well.

Now clearer and clearer my vision grew
Of a past almost forgot
In striving for what we may think avails,
But having, avails us not.
And hearing the voices these village folk
Were raising in hymns of praise
I yearned for the days of the long ago,
For days that were better days.

The speeding years betwixt then and now,
The gods I had worshipped and known,
Have passed from my thought, 'neath the influence here
The years and the gods have flown.
For I know that with all of his failings,
Though far twixt his life and the goal,
The man who sincerely acknowledges God
Is nearest the man that is whole.

So, finished the song with its worship of praise
And peace seemed pervading the air
As the silver-locked leader extended his hands,
On his lips invitation to prayer.
I knew that he meant it as truly for me
As for any who looked on his face
And it seemed in the tones of that kindly calm
voice
I could all my young manhood retrace.

And now began to vibrate once again
My heart-strings, rusted through the long
neglect

Of years, and grown discordant as the strings
Upon a stringéd instrument unused.

And with each sentence of the simple prayer
The pastor offered in a child-like faith
I felt returning sight, as I had seen
In matters spiritual and not discerned
By mortal eye. The many doubts that had
From far afield hung o'er me as a cloud,
And like miasmic poison caused to droop
And flicker, what was once a steady flame
Seemed now in fast retreat. And where so
long

These doubts had held dominion I could feel
Exultant pleasure in returning faith;
The simple faith I learned when at the knee
Of Mother, sweet as man has ever known;
A faith that penetrates as sharpened steel
Through every grief and all perplexity;
That will not, cannot swerve though locked
within

A body drawn and bent by mortal pain.
For simple faith is faith that will abide!

As trusting child of earthly parent asks
The thing in earthly parents' power to do,
So prayed this man a trusting child of God.
"Our loving Heavenly Father, Dearest Friend,

Whose mercy brings us at this quiet eve
With one accord to kneel before thy throne,
We ask Thee first, to cleanse our hearts from
guile,

From insincerity and secret sin.

We here acknowledge Thee in all the way
In which unto this night we have been led,
And sad are we our feet so often stray
And in forbidden paths are wont to tread.
Forgive us when unthinkingly remiss
And pity, Lord, when knowingly we sin.
We thank Thee for the blessings we enjoy;
For daily food, for shelter from the storm,
For health and strength, for loving friends, for
all

We have we thank Thee, and for all that we
But for our own shortcomings might have
been.

For those who wont to worship here who
now

Are laid on beds of pain and cannot come
To join their prayers with those we offer Thee
We ask a soothing blessing and that Thou
Wilt lay upon their ills a healing hand."

And now it seemed he prayed for me alone.
As if he knew the thought within my heart
Of hearts. "But most of all, dear Lord, we
ask

That Thou wilt fully heal the sick of soul,

Who whether here or elsewhere carry deep
The self-inflicted wounds that will not heal,
Nor can be cured except by means of grace
That makes us see our insufficiency.
Who, seeking surcease, wander everywhere
But in the way that leads them unto Thee;
Who, having ears yet seemingly are deaf,
And having eyes are yet too blind to see.
For him who prides himself he always lives
Within the bounds prescribed by moral law,
And feels this all sufficient, Lord, we pray.
But more we pray, Our Father, for the man,
Who, though he cherish well the written law,
Yet knows a higher duty still remains
To be fulfilled by him and heedeth not.
For him who seeth, Lord, and taketh not;
For him who heareth, Lord, and doeth not
We feel our prayers must needs more fervent

be

Because he thereby addeth sin to sin.
If such there be within this presence now,
Then grant the prayer we offer may be his,
And as he passes forth into the night
May every shining star above his head
Reflect on him Thy glorious radiancy.
Yea, give to him assurance doubly sure
That he who doeth more than must be done
That men may dwell together in accord,
Shall feel Thy benediction in his soul,
And come into a goodly heritage;
And in Thy Name we ask it all. Amen."

And then a song was borne on every tongue ;
“Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.”

The prayerful song was done and then the
words

Of benediction sealed within my soul
A blessing greater than could soul contain.
I hastened forth beneath the glorious night
And felt were I to speak 't would but profane
And mar the eloquence of God's own voice.
The hearing to my soul so long unknown
Seemed once again returned and sensitive
To sound heard only in the silence, but
Whose mandates followed lift us far above
The life of sordid gain.

And now beside
The loss of deafness came the gain of sight.
Of sight discerning spiritually the things
Long since forgotten, or, if not forgot,
Unheeded and as well forgot. For if
They unremembered be then wilful sin
May not be added to the sin that we
Commit, mayhap, so often thoughtlessly.
For thus I do affirm it my belief,
That when I do an evil knowingly,
Resisting conscience struggling to be heard,
My guilt is greater far than when I sin

Unthinking and unhearing conscience plea.
But each indeed is grievous and in each
I sin.

With sight and hearing full restored
I saw beneath the thin veneer that hides
The rough, uneven inconsistencies
That make my days. I heard again the voice
That once I knew and followed in my life
And felt anew the restfulness of peace
That once was mine but since was lost, and I
Content and joyful sought repose with heart
So long discordant now attuned to God.

THE SHASTA DAISY

If out the past now dim and hazy,
Wordsworth, Burns or Chaucer came,
They'd each immortalize thy name
As daisies' queen, thou Shasta Daisy.
They'd love no less the little mite
That Burns' bright plowshare brought to sight,
Or Wordsworth's gallant knightly one
Protecting dewdrop from the sun.
But they would surely see in thee
A daisy's rich maturity,
And, too, perchance might truly feel
Their singing of the daisy's worth,
Caused sympathy and love to steal
In Burbank's heart to give thee birth.

THE SONNET

A sonnet? But the cradle for a thought;
A golden setting, where the purest gem
Of truth may shine. A royal diadem
To crown the loftiest forms that men have
brought
Adown the heights of Helicon. That ought
Be ne'er profaned, nor even touched by them
Except with awe, as was Christ's garment
hem,
When poetess of old its healing sought.

O harp of gold, whereon could angels play,
'T would set seraphic melodies adrift;
O chords made fit to sound beyond all time,
The noblest strains that be in any day,
My yearning soul hath sought no richer
gift,
Than once to sound thy fullest power sublime.

PURIFICATION

Like as the scudding spray when hurled
By mighty gales from ocean's crest
Is driven far, by tempest whirled,
And falls again to ocean's breast ;

So, often we are cast above
The bosom of life's stormy sea
To fall upon God's tide of love
When searching gales have made us free.

I'LL SMILE MY GRIEF AWAY

The sun has sought his resting place
Across the western lea ;
The herds are lowing in the fields
And sad the heart in me.

The nighthawk sounds his mournful note
Like wail of some lost soul
And though the bells are chiming clear
I only hear them toll.

But, no ! I'll cast from out my heart
The thoughts that make me sad,
Remembering the day contained
So much to make me glad.

The hope I cherished ere the sun
Began his course to-day
Has been fulfilled unsparingly—
I'll smile my grief away !

ONE DEAR DAY

One dear day, just one dear day
 To satisfy hoping and longing of years!
And when 't is gone I'll go my way
 With a last tender look and a prayer God
 hears.
For in days that are coming the memory sweet
Must suffice for the hoping and longing I meet.

O, coming day thou'rt doubly dear!
 I'll live in thee now for to-night is thine eve
And with its shadow shall go the fear
 Thy dawning and sunlight would surely re-
 lieve.
At thy close when I part from thee sorrowing,
 then,
Blessed God, give me strength to go onward
 again!

INFINITY

Thou Great and Uncreated One,
Whose fadeless glory pales the sun,
What finite mind can comprehend
How love and grandeur in Thee blend,
Who, never born, can never end?

Before by æons the nations were,
Before the world's foundations were,
Or orbits laid through dizzying space
Where countless worlds at maddening pace
Could strive in their eternal race;

Before Orion, Pleiades
And all the host that speed with these
Were on their journeys, never ending,
Called from space and with the blending
Of equilibrium, were lending

Harmony to swell the shout
The rushing, thundering spheres ring out
Projecting onward, ceasing never,
Thou wast then and will be ever
Elohim, Adonai, Jehovah!

As men Thy ceaseless wonders see
They raise continually to Thee,
Too often with an outward show,
Their puny altars where the glow
Of Holy Fire is ever low.

But more befitting would it be
To Thy Ineffability
That highest mountain peaks be e'er
Thine altars, their pure snows the prayer
Of those who Thy Great Name declare.

The clouds that melt in silent space
Be incense veiling o'er Thy face
From man's presumptuous arrogance
That lets him dare to give offense
Withholding from Thee reverence.

But when our inner souls rehearse
The wonders of Thy Universe
We stand in awe, we worship Thee,
With vision of the soul we see,
With minds appalled—Infinity!

GOD IS LOVE

I do not see Thee in the storm
That shrieking through the air
Bombards the leeward, rock-bound coast,
Unheeding black despair
Besetting some poor mariner
Who still the hope may cherish
That Thou, in his extremity
Wilt save him lest he perish.

Nor in the earthquake's awful shock
When souls are steeped in dread
Mid thunderings that only mock
The soul whose hope has fled.
When mountains tremble to their base,
When mighty trees are falling
And every quivering human face
Is blanched with fear appalling.

I see Thee when the canopy
Of summer's dying day
Is settling to the ocean's crest
And faith holds fear at bay.
When minds are filled with loftier thought
And hearts with nobler aiming
Than when resolve has root in fear
And virtue's but the naming.

I see Thee when on mountain peaks
I learn from Thee, my teacher,
And in the peaceful valleys sleep
Secure Thy weakest creature.
When in the nest the mother birds
Enfold each little dove.
These tell my soul as if in words
That God, my God, is love.

YEARS

Who reckons a love between two by their
years?

Who by this same measure can judge sorrows
tears?

Does the span of the seasons dissolve bitter
hate?

Then unheedful of time let the heart find its
mate.

For the reck of the days of our years here
will be

Forgotten and lost in an eternity.

THE FLOWER IN THE WOOD

There's an ecstasy of feeling,
A superlative delight,
A devotion that makes kneeling
Follow, as the morn the night,
If our natures see reflected,
In its mystic, magic power,
The hand that made the forest trees,
Within a forest flower.

Yet count it still a mighty hand
That built the towering mountains,
That fills the never failing seas
From never failing fountains.
But count it, too, as fully great
A marvel that He could
With that same hand make exquisite
A flower in the wood.

AT MIDNIGHT

The darkness, Lord, is on the deep,
My soul doth trust in Thee to keep
A kindly watch till night has run
And comes again the rising sun.

And yet I love the midnight hour
When darkness makes me trust Thy power,
When not one ray of silvery light
May pierce the void to aid my sight.

For all day long 'neath garish ray
By mortal sight I choose my way
And wander far aside from Thee
In paths Thou dost not choose for me.

I look back on the day that's done
And forward to another's sun,
I ask forgiveness for my sin
And pray my better self may win.

And so I love this midnight hour
When darkness makes me trust Thy power.
When fails the help mine eyes afford
I needs must trust Thee most, dear Lord.

TO A PORTRAIT

Ah, the pity that all neath the light of the sun
Must fade like the joy of a day that is done.
And though it enchant and enrapture the
while
Must be withered by time and partake of the
vile.

That to-day in its beauty a flower, full blown,
Gives its lips to be ravished and then all alone
In the breath of the sun withers back to the
sod,
Like the mortal consumed for the love of a
god.

That the leaf that has sighed as the soft summer breeze
With a lingering kiss whispered love in the
trees,
Must die in its grief when the lips have grown
cold;
That the breast that has nourished will turn
it to mold.

Ah, yet greater pity that all doth embrace!
As the flower and leaf so must fade woman's
face.
Be marked by the touch and the ravage of
years
And watered again and again by her tears.

HAST THOU GONE FROM ME?

Hast thou gone from me, my blessed Poesy,
Left me desolate upon the shore,
Where through days with thee I dwelt so happily,
Art thou gone from me forevermore?

Doth my woe commence because I gave
offence?

Gave I sorrow in some thoughtless deed?
Hath some providence as evil recompense
Willed my wounded heart again to bleed?

Sad through saddened years I shed my bitter
tears,

Made my griefs but could not make my
joys.

Filled with many fears and deaf to hope that
cheers

I filled the gold of life with life's alloys.

Then, as out the sea, thy presence came to me,

Dissolved the mist before my blinded eyes.

Made me long to be through all eternity

Pure as prayer ascending to the skies.

Blessed Poesy, as now I sing of thee,

Comes again thy gentle, soothing spell.

Thou wilt constant be, as constant as the sea

Is to the shore it kisses with its swell.

ETERNAL LIFE

Eternal Life—not merely endless state
That may thy weak presumption desolate.
So, think it not sufficient, erring soul
To say there is a God who orders all.
The cloud from out thy vision cannot roll
Until thou knowest God and on Him call.
Then, in that moment, hath begun for thee
The life that shall endure eternally.

TEMPTATION

Who stands secure against the lure
That sore besetteth him,
Hath builded deep and high and sure
Around a chasm rim.

But he who yielded only once
Yet once again may yield.
He fights the foe his life confronts
Behind a weakened shield.

And yet, who yielded not at all
It may be never knew
The trial that made the other fall
Or he had fallen too.

A VALENTINE

TO I. C.

If thoughts are things
 May my thoughts be
As birds whose wings
 Fly fast to thee;
Each thought of thine be but a nest
Where all my birds find home and rest.

WINGS OF GRIEF

When this weary old world is so full of the
things

That may cause us to sigh and to grieve
Shall we labor on foolishly clipping the wings
Of the sorrows we cannot relieve?

For grief hath the fast-flying wings of a bird,
But if resting on thee from her flight
She will bide with thee long at a welcoming
word

That hath robbed her swift wing of its
might.

MY FRIEND

TO M. P. B.

She was a friend to me!
And I say it not as we idly speak
Of the strong who only pity the weak
With never a thought nor a wish to seek
To lessen the ills that be.

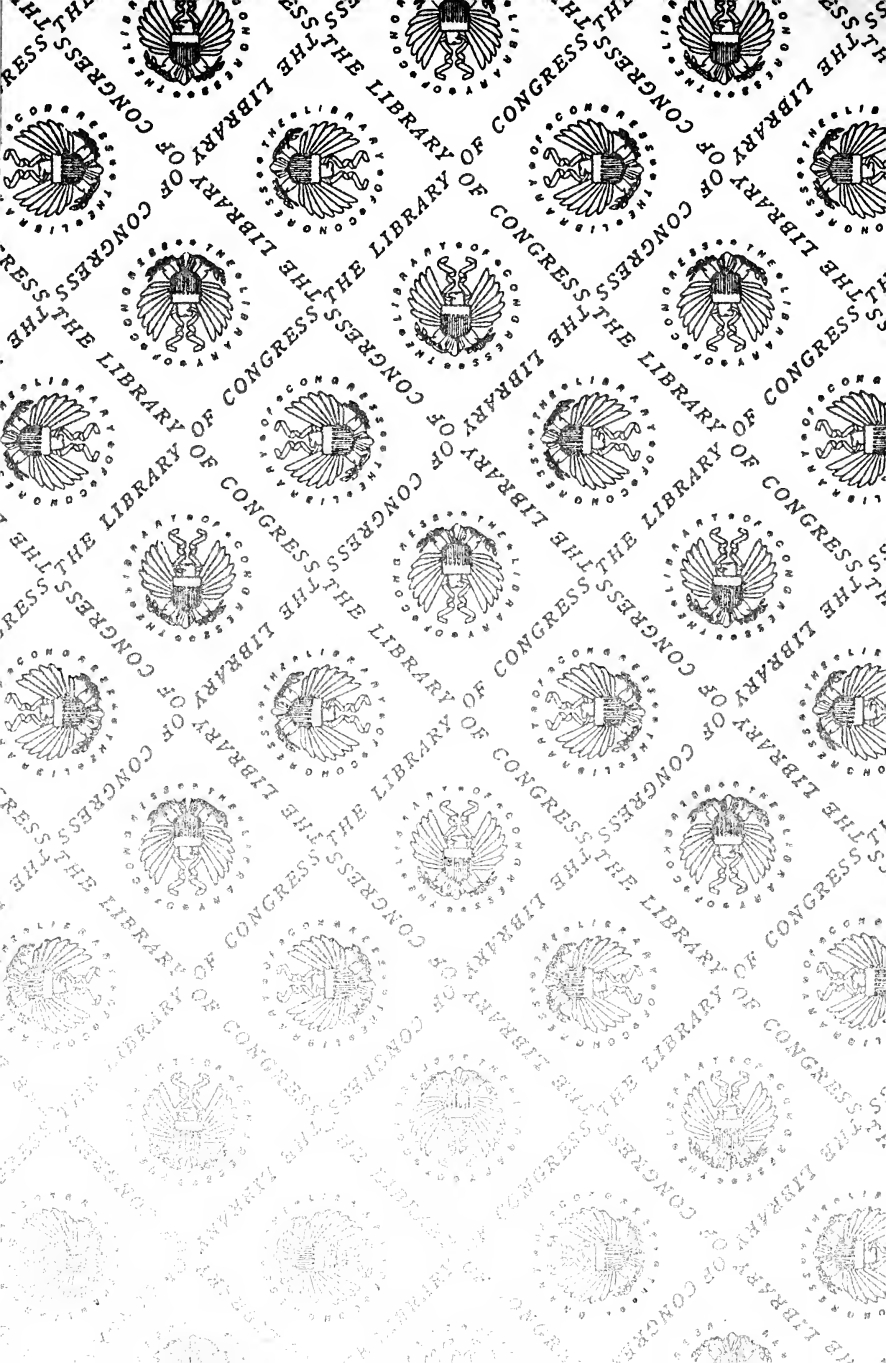
Hers was the weight of years,
And a soul made pure in their chastening fire,
That never a moment had ceased to aspire.
Her body grew weak but her soul grew higher
In graces whose charm endears.

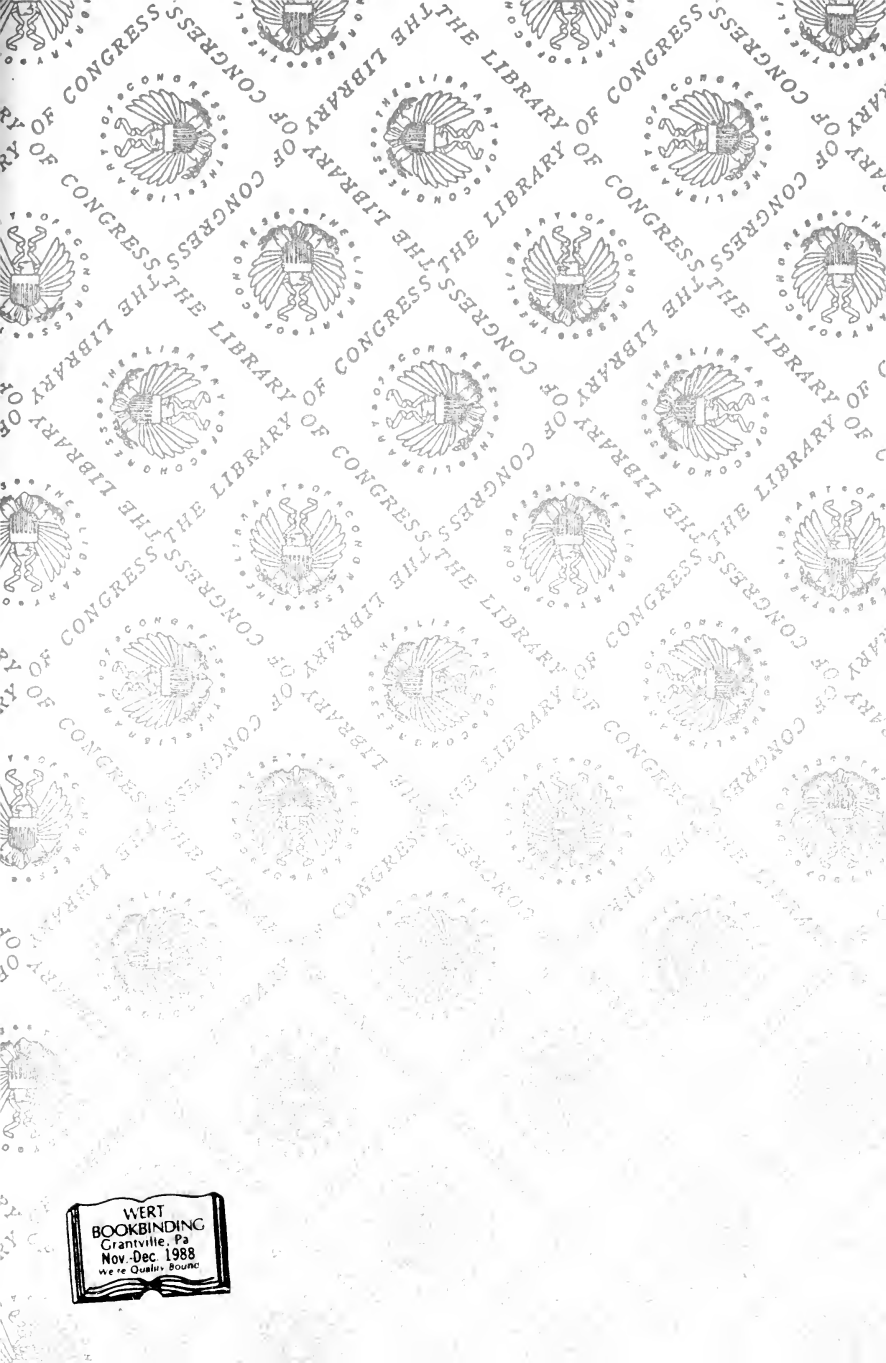
Then her soul bid its house adieu.
As the burr falls off the ripened nut;
As the heir to a throne leaves a humble hut;
As a seed dropping out from a shell that was
shut,
Her spirit departed, too.

So *au revoir*, sweet Friend!
You are in the heavens, I know, to-day.
The path you have marked is Heaven's High-
way.
I'll walk in it, too. Perchance I may
Find you when I reach the end.









WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa
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We're Quality Bound

